

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

3. M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Bloomfield Record.

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### Fresh Scissorings.

—The gate of a fast age—Investigate.  
—His name is not Charlie R. as but logion.  
—Morrissey's policy—A long pool, a strong pool, and a pool altogether.  
—The dry goods men, like the oystermen, have their regular opening days now.  
—They had a "crash" concert in Chicago for the benefit of the Minnesota farmers.  
—"Brick" Pomeroy has joined the Grangers and they call him the Bald Headed Pilgrim of the Plough.  
—A little boy was arrested the other day for stealing a five cent piece, but got off on a technical ground.  
—The Wisconsin grass-hoppers are cutting down trees, building log cabins and making various other preparations to go into winter quarters.  
—During a hurricane in Kansas, a county treasurer became so terrified that he acknowledged a defalcation of \$1,500. After the wind had subsided, he denied it.  
—"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season when hired girls want three dollars a week."  
—"Well, mine shone," said a wealthy Israelite to his hopeful, who had asked him for a nickel, "I don't mind the value of the five cents; but shut, shut up to interest on dot sum would be in hundred years."

—It seems as if the wonders of California would never cease. This year the pumpkins there grow to such an enormous size that the farmers have to build iron railings around them, to keep them from crowding each other.  
—A daily paper has the following among its marine notices: The schooner Albatross was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland on the 11th inst., the Captain swimming ashore, and the female cook also, she being insured for \$15,000, and heavily laden with iron.

—At the Barnley County Court, in England, on Sept. 17th, a tailor's bill was disputed on the ground that the trousers and waistcoat did not fit. To the great amusement of the spectators the Judge ordered the man to put the garments on, and then decided they were a good fit, and ordered a verdict for the plaintiff.

—A Norristown policeman recently observed a citizen at midnight, with his necktie sprouting from under his left ear and his hat mashed far down on the back part of his head, trying to unlock the front door of a church with a portion of a salt-petron. When asked what he was doing there, he replied that he was only "searching for (sic) little Charlie (sic) Ross."

—"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat—the Brooklyn Argus tells the story—dropping the paper from her nerveless grasp, and leaning back in her chair with an expression of blank astonishment on her countenance. "Gracious Heavens, Mitades' what's a 'paroxysmal kiss'?" Mr. Marrowfat, assuming a very serious aspect, observed: "A 'paroxysmal kiss,' my love, is a kiss buttered with soul-lightning."

—Yesterday says a democratic New York paper, several Indians in candy dress, and got some costume marched from the depot to Stanwix Hall. They will give exhibitions somewhere during the fair. Holly was sitting clerk at the Stanwix yesterday, and when he saw those ducky fellows approaching, he called out to the bell-boy: "Run and shut up the piano, and spy up two dozen spittoons into the public parlor. Here come a lot more Republican delegates to hold some kind of a convention."

### Gentleman and Lady.

There are, says Richard Grant White in the *Galaxy*, two words, for example, *gentleman* and *lady*, which are used as frequently as any other, and which in this country are to all intents and purposes, without any generally accepted meaning. Among certain people they have one meaning, among certain other people quite another; and so divergent are these meanings that unless you know the person with whom you speak so well that you can put yourself in his place and assume his habits of thought, you cannot understand exactly what he means, by the words a perfect gentleman and a perfect lady. The only meaning common to all who use them is their distinction of sex; they distinguish man from woman; two creatures that seem about disappearing entirely from the western world, except among people of the highest culture and simplest manners. Do we not see often the advertisement which announces that "a sales lady" offers her services to any one who may be in need of them? Does not the gentlemanly conductor ask us to move up in the street car and "let in this lady," as Bridget McQueen, smelling slightly of pipe and pot, struggles at the car door with her basket of clothes? Far be it from me to insinuate that Bridget is not a perfect lady; for I should thereby run the risk of having my head broken by Patrick, her husband, whom the conductor would also call a gentleman; but chiefly because it is not my business here to draw social distinctions but only verbal ones. There are some people whose ideas of a perfect gentleman is a man who pays his bills without question the first time they are presented; tried by which test, I fear there are some of us who would fail sadly in the article of our gentry. A writer's idea of a perfect gentleman is one who orders a good dinner, and paying for it, gives him all the change under a dollar; and I know a woman of very excellent sense and breeding whose notion of a perfect gentleman is a man that never speaks to her without taking off his hat, and does not sit in her presence until he is asked to do so. Perhaps the writer's criterion is quite as reasonable as hers. Twenty years ago the South honestly believed that there were very few gentlemen in the North; and perhaps the most unexceptionable definition of a gentleman might have been given, if the giver could have put his idea into words, by an old southern negro house servant who for all his life had served masters hardly better mannered than himself.

A PARISienne.—A correspondent of the *London Herald* thus describes a costume worn by a Parisienne at some little summer retreat in France: "No Parisian lady who respected herself would have ever appeared in French society dressed in so conspicuous style. At Thonville or Vichy such eccentricity might have been allowed; and even there men would have taken the right to stare without a thought of giving offence. But here the apparition of so unaccustomed a costume caused the most unpleasant sensation; and, with one voice, the lady was voted not *comme il faut*, and without exception was shunned in consequence. The costume which had caused this was composed of a white and pink striped skirt, plaited up to the waist; and over this, a thin, edged roun with a flounce of white Swiss embroidery; and, over that again, a sleeveless *moyen age* bodice of black moire silk. A rich white lace cravat was tied round the neck, and lace ruffs fell over the hands, which were covered with pink cotton gloves. It was the hat, however, which crowned the eccentricity of the edifice. This was a thorough gypsy hat, of coarse white straw, tied over the crown and brim and under the chin with a blue crepe-de-chine scarf. The front of the brim was thus sent up high above the head and was entirely without trimming within, it being filled with the hair, which was brushed up in loose frizzy curls. The outside of the crown was trimmed round with a wreath of white roses, and at the back was a bunch of black feathers. It was a most extraordinary looking thing—very ugly and very eccentric. The wear, also, was neither young nor pretty, and it did this made the costume look still more extraordinary. At all events the lady was shunned by all respectable people. It was thought that a gay Paris *coquette* had suddenly disturbed the simplicity of our ways. But not at all; we had before us the Countess of C. (I will not give her name). To be sure the Countess belongs to what is now called the 'Old Guard,' and during the Second Empire was among the celebrities of Paris."

REMARKABLE FALL OF A RESERVOIR.—A reservoir to supply Conshohocken, Pa., was built last fall at a cost of \$72,000, and is an excellent piece of workmanship. Its supply was pumped from the Schuylkill river, and throughout the past year the town of Conshohocken had been plentifully supplied with water, to the gratification of the citizens. Recently the reservoir was discovered to be empty, and the keeper, in making his morning inspection, discovered that a portion of the embankment had dropped straight down for 25 feet, and resolved itself into an enormous hole, the sides of which are precipitous rock.

### The Last Man.

On the 30th of September, 1832, in Cincinnati, seven young men, all of them well known here, were gathered together at the studio of Joseph R. Mason, a rising young portrait painter at that time. They were Dr. James M. Mason, Dr. J. L. Vattier, Fenton Dawson, Henry L. Tatem, William Strawberry, William Disney, Jr., and J. R. Mason. The Asiatic cholera, the striking phantasm of death, had just arrived on our shores, and was advancing up the Mississippi, and had already reached St. Louis. The country was in a fever of alarm over the pestilence that was stalking over it, and which had thus far baffled the combined skill and science of the entire medical profession. Naturally enough the conversation turned upon this subject. After it had been discussed for awhile it was suggested that those present form themselves into a society to be called The Society of the Last Man. The main idea was that they should have a banquet each year, at which places should be provided for all, and that when only one of them remained, he was to drink a bottle of wine, which they were to provide at the first meeting and save up for his use. A mahogany casket was provided for its reception, and on the night of the first meeting the wine was procured and locked up, the key-hole filled with sealing wax and the casket sealed with the seal of the society. The key was moreover thrown away, so that by no means could the box be opened and closed again without its being discovered.

In June, 1837, Dr. James M. Mason died and their mystic number seven was broken into, and on the following October, when their banquet took place, there was one vacant seat at the board, one plate lay on the table untouched. In November, 1839, William Strawberry died, and on the following year, when they came together again, only five sat at the table, and there were two vacant places. In September, 1842, J. R. Mason, the artist, breathed his last, and the following month, when the Society of the Last Man came together, there were but four of them—three vacant chairs and three upturned plates told the story. For seven successive years did these four hold their anniversary banquet without further change, the sealed casket being handed around from year to year among those who remained. In November, 1849, William Disney died, leaving but three of the seven alive. In June, 1850, Fenton Dawson's career was ended, and Dr. Vattier and H. L. Tatem were the only survivors. Mr. Tatem had possession of the casket at this time, and had morbid fear that he would be the last man and it be left to his possession. Two months after Lawson's death he was taken sick, and in his delirium, this idea obtained possession of his mind, and he cried, "break open the casket and pour out the wine! It's worse than fate in haunting me!" And Dr. Vattier became the last man.

In October, 1855, the Last Man held his first solitary banquet at his home. Seven plates were laid, and seven chairs placed around the board. The casket was placed on the table, its seal broken, and its lid pried off. The bottle of wine which for twenty-three years had reposed within was opened and drank in silence and solitude by the survivor of all those seven. No one was permitted to break that solitude, and the one meal was eaten and drank without the sound of a voice. And each succeeding year, on the 6th of October, does the Last Man repeat the solitary repast, he sitting with six upturned plates on the board. And while he sits there in silence and alone, there come trooping around him the memories of all those who once joined with him in the merry-making, and yet the heart of the kindly old man is as young and his feelings as tender as they were forty years ago when he little thought of ever becoming The Last Man.

PULLED OVERBOARD.—The *Boston Herald* says: "As the steamship *Canada*, of the National line, was entering our harbor the other evening an accident occurred which came very near having a fatal result, and which is remembered by the passengers as the event of the voyage. The ship was off Boston light at the time and was making good headway, running up to avoid the fog which was coming in. A gang of men were employed in getting the anchors ready to cast when the ship should reach the quarantine. The chief officer was superintending this work, when by some mishap he became entangled in a rope and was pulled overboard. The engines were quickly reversed and the ship was stopped so suddenly as to cause considerable alarm among the passengers, many of whom imagined there had been a collision. The officer was totally unable to swim, but fortunately he managed to catch a life buoy which was thrown to him just as he was floating past the stern of the ship, and was thus kept up till a boat could reach him. Meantime everything was confusion on the ship, the passengers being thoroughly alarmed, some crying, others praying, &c. The officer was finally picked up and taken on board in a completely exhausted condition. The presence of mind of Captain Sumner, and the third officer, who mounted the rigging and kept the floating man in view until the boat reached him, doubtless saved his life."

### Feminine Gossip.

—Long wristed gloves are still worn.  
—A Chicago lady has invested \$7,000 in dogs.  
—A new color for bonnets is "Opal" green.  
—For winter dresses everyone will buy plaid.  
—A late marriage in London was between Mr. Pickle and Miss Onion.  
—"Cardinal" red is a new shade exclusive for ribbons and bonnets.  
—Novelties in woolen goods are thick, soft, flexible stuffs, with rough camel's hair surface.  
—If you haven't ordered any jet trimming on your dresses you may as well die at once.  
—The *Richmond Enquirer* has a "Letter from Louisa" every week. She's a court-house.  
—One of the few secrets that a woman ever keeps, is put up in bottles, and used twice a month on the hair.  
—"Beckie, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, I couldn't help being good. I got a 'tiff neck'."  
—When a poor young lady hears handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she is evidently sewing that she may reap.  
—Young City Housekeeper to Friend—"Oh, yes! We take condensed milk. We think it's so much better than cow's milk."  
—A youth of seventeen summers, living in Alleghany county, Md., ran away from home and married a maiden of forty winters.  
—Cashmere shawls are shown for old ladies with rich borders, embroidered with jet-borders on the shawls, not on the old ladies.

—A gentleman who took breakfast at a Cincinnati Young Ladies' Boarding School writes that they are the loveliest set of hash-pilgrims he ever met.

—Harry, after looking on while his new little sister cried at being washed and dressed the other day, turned away, saying, "if she screamed like that in heaven I don't wonder they sent her off."

—A day or so ago the daughter of a German grocer in Rochester was married. Her father placed a placard in the window, bearing this device: "This store is closed on account of some fun in the family."

—Said a Detroit lady to a small boy whom she found crying in the street, the other day: "Will you stop crying if I will give you a penny?" "No," said he; "but if you'll make it two cents I'll stop if it kills me."

### Wit and Wisdom.

—Easy roads lead to hard places.  
—Money generally costs too much.  
—Forced politeness—Bowing to circumstances.  
—When is a man not a man?—When he turns into a lane.  
—Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned.  
—Kindness is not polished plain; it needs the sweet sauce of flattery.  
—There is no concealed weapon so deadly as the unenvied tongue of slander.  
—"Care to our coffins adds a nail no doubt; but every grin of laughter takes one out."  
—If the time ever comes for explaining the mysteries of this world, we shall be glad to know why the young man who remarks on leaving church, "I can preach a better sermon than that myself," is content to wear out his life over a counter at \$50 a month.

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